

EXHIBIT "A"

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✓ "THE TRAIL OF THE ARROW" ✓

SYNOPSIS:

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1920 by Harold L. Arnold*

Bob Battle, an enthusiastic motorist, enters his dealer's repair shop to have a fender mended. The damage was caused, he says, by "one of those crazy woman drivers". "There is not a really capable woman driver in the world", is Battle's claim. "When they get in a tight place they lose their heads".

This broad assertion commences an argument between Battle and Carsen, the sales manager, upon the merits of the Woman Driver. Leaving the repair department they continue their controversy in the sales room, much to the enjoyment of the sales force.

At this point an Essex, driven by a girl, draws up in front of the place. The driver and a girl friend who accompanies her enter.

"Now here is proof of what I claim", says Carsen triumphantly. "Either one of these girls coming in here can drive a car anywhere, any distance, under any conditions, and unaccompanied by any man. And they will get themselves out of any trouble they might encounter without outside assistance."

"It can't be done. It's an impossibility. I don't believe it", protests Battle, but Mr. Carsen has turned from him and is greeting the young ladies. Asking their permission, he introduces the doubting Mr. Battle:-

"This gentleman", says Carson, "does not seem to have much faith in women as drivers. He claims that you lose your heads in traffic, cannot stand hard driving, and could not possibly drive an automobile under the same endurance conditions that could be imposed upon a man. How about it?"

The girls smile modestly, then grin at one another; "I'd back my chum against any man driver in Los Angeles County", they say in unison. Mr. Battle looks his polite dis-belief, and Carsen

flings down his challenge:

"Bob", he says, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars, spot cash, that these girls can take their car, follow any route you pick out, under any conditions you may name, through any obstacles you may place in their path, and reach any objective point you may name at any specified time you may decide upon! "

"You're joking!" replies Battle. "Never more serious in my life, that is", Carsen turns to the girls, "if you young ladies are willing to take the chance." "I am!" says the girl. "And so am I"! says her chum, "If only to show Mr. Battle that woman can drive automobiles." "And can take care of themselves and their cars under all conditions", adds the girl, looking defiantly at the Mere Man.

Mr. Battle is not one to be defied. "I will take the bet", he says, "providing that I can pick the route and name the conditions."

"You're on!" says Carson, while the girls nod their approval. "Name your conditions and your objective point." Battle's eye lights upon a photograph upon the wall of the show room. "Where is the place?" he asks.

"That is called the 'Devil's Punch Bowl'", Carson tells him. "It lies back of the 'Devil's Playground' on the Mojave Desert". "H'm. Has an automobile ever been on the floor of this punch bowl?" "Not to my knowledge", replies Carson, "as it is practically impossible, not only to get down to the bottom of the bowl, but to even reach the locality by automobile."

"That then is my objective point", says Battle, looking triumphantly from Carson to the girls.

Carson looks a little alarmed, but the girls reassure him. "We accept the objective point", they exclaim at once. "What are your other conditions?"

"Well, you must first follow a route that I shall mark with arrows. To win you must follow those arrows wherever they lead."

"Fair enough, then what?"

Battle looks over a map and ascertains the approximate mileage. "You must leave this salesroom," he finally says, "at 10 A.M. on Tuesday next, and must have the car on the floor of the Devil's Punch Bowl at exactly 5 P.M. on the following Friday. You must follow the trail of the arrows wherever they lead, and you must expect to encounter any obstacles I may choose to place in your path. Also you must make all repairs and get out of any difficulties that may arise without the aid of any third person."

Mr. Battle looks smugly satisfied that the conditions he is imposing are impossible, but the girls smile at Mr. Carson, and the money to cover the wager is put up. Shaking hands all round they wish each other "Good Luck".

"I don't expect to see you at the 'Bowl'", says Battle, "but I'll be waiting there at 5 o'clock".

"We will be there", they announce, cheerfully, "and you had better have dinner ready because we will probably be hungry."

After the girls have driven away, one of the mechanics who has been an interested listener, sympathised with Bob, "You're out of luck, Boss," he says, "Them girls sure can drive."

"H'm, I'm not worrying! You boys had better stick around the shop Tuesday night. They probably will send in a hurry call for help!"

On Tuesday morning the girls are on hand fully equipped for the Big Adventure. In the back seat they carry blankets, a water bag, some food, and their faithful dog, "Laddie".

At ten sharp, just as the girls are about to start, Mr. Battle calls up on Long Distance. He has gone on a day ahead of the girls, to place his arrow route, and he calls up to find if they have backed down. To his great surprise, he learns that they are on their way.

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With best wishes and cheers of the entire company force, the girls state, knowing not where or how, but hot on the Trail of the Arrow.

From Seventh the trail leads to Wilshire Boulevard, via Vermont to Hollywood, over Cahunga Pass, and on to the San Fernando Blvd., through Saugus and into Mint Canyon. While the Essex is speeding over the last of the good boulevards, Battle is placing the real "trouble" arrows. He has abandoned his car, and equipped for a long hike, has started out with the express purpose of stopping the girls on their first day.

Bowling along the Mint Canyon road, the girls suddenly come upon an arrow leading off to the right. This proves to be a poor, dirt road, which they follow for some distance, until another arrow looms up which seems to say "Trouble ahead". It points directly off the road over a hill covered with rocks and sage brush. "It looks as though our friend Battle means business", says the Girl-at-the-wheel. "Well, here goes!"

Up through the rocks and sand goes the car. Had there been any observers, they would surely have said that the driver "had bitten off more than he could chew".

Soon they came upon another arrow indicating an even more impassible route. Under this arrow is pinned a note, "Don't expect you will reach this far, but if you do, here's how!" The balance of the day is taken up with overcoming further almost impossible road conditions. All the arrows now bear little notes from Battle, who, having seen the car with his glasses, becomes more sarcastic as he realizes that the girls are really trying to follow the arrows.

Night falls at last, and the girls make camp, tired, but happy and confident. They are soon rolled up in their blankets and fast asleep with the faithful "Laddie" on guard.

The next day is filled with thrills and stiff tests of endurance. They are on the desert and the heat is terrific. Both

girls have now shed their regular feminine apparel and donned the overalls brought in case of tire trouble. Over rocks, hills, and long stretches of heavy sand, through sage brush and chaparral, they follow the trail of the arrows, sometimes undecided, but never discouraged.

On the third day it can be seen that Battle is getting discouraged. Obstacles begin to appear that are not the work of nature. In the afternoon the trail leads from the rocks into a long, arid stretch of desert. The last water hole is reached, and it is discovered that Battle has emptied it. Luckily the radiator is still cool despite the terrific heat and strain. That night the girls make camp on the open desert with no neighbors but the rattlesnakes and coyotes.

NOTE: (Many comedy situations may be worked in during the trip as we meet the existing conditions. The titles will also be included, and some "Stunts", more thrilling even than those in the Yank picture. For instance, Battle, growing desperate at the determination and endurance of the girls and their car, will blow up a bridge. The car will negotiate the gap, and cross the ravine. Scenes around the girls camp fire at night will prove interesting, and we might add a hold-up. Battle hiring a Mexican to sneak in at night and draw the gas from the tank. The girls are awakened by their dog, and give the Mex. the run of his life.)

The last day of the trial the girls realize that speed is necessary if they would win the wager. The girl at the wheel "steps on it", and the car fairly eats up the sand until, not long before the hour when they must reach their destination, they come to the rim of the Punch Bowl. Far below they can see the floor, but how can they get there? The arrows of course point a way, but it does not seem that any car can negotiate such an impassible route. Time is passing, and time now is money. Also,

one Mere Man is waiting down in the Punch Bowl, gleefully certain that they will never make the descent. "Let's go!" says the girl-at-the-wheel, and down they go, nerve, driving ability, and the power of the car under them, stretched to the limit of endurance.

With five minutes to spare, they make their goal, tired, dusty, but triumphant. Let it be said of the doubting Mr. Battle that he is a good loser. "Hereafter," he says, "My hat is off to the Woman Driver. They have a right to vote and drive automobiles, and do anything else their hearts desire. Also I shall pay my bet cheerfully, and buy you two girls anything you name."

"There is only one thing we want", they say, sadly, "and that is Food"! "It is waiting. When I saw that you were game to make the grade, I put the kettle on. Welcome to the 'Devil's Punch Bowl'. It only serves coffee at the present time, but if I do say it myself, it is 'some' coffee."

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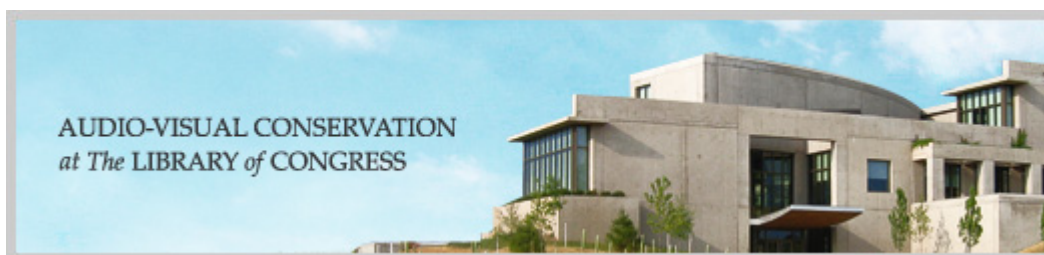
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